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THE
QUIET
HOUR



EMILY
LOGUE



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“THE QUIET HOUR”

SMITH-REILLY PRESS

"THE QUIET HOUR"

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EMILY LOGUE

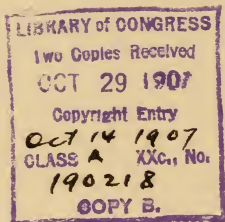


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CONTENTS

The Quiet Hour	3
His "Nut-Brown Maid"	4
Darthea	5
Reverie	6
Alone	7
Voiceless	8
The Penitent	9
To Mrs. Browning	10
Song, "I think if all the world should lay" . . .	11
The Poet	12
Beyond	13
At Bethlehem	14
Remorse	15
Bridal Song	16
Consecration	17
Unrest	18
At Parting	19
The Last Hour	20
A Vision	21
The Voice Within	22
Supplication	23
Ad Astra	24
Asunder	25
At Sunset	26
Via Crucis	27
Divinement	28
Mater Dolorosa	29
The Idealist	30
Anointed	31
Christmas Bells	32

Estranged	33
The Toiler	34
De Profundis	35
Compensation	36
Foreboding	37-38
Relinquishment	39
In Peace	40
Sincerity	41
Humanity in Divinity	42
A Farewell	43
Restraint	44
Good-Night--Good-Bye	45
Our Lady of Good Counsel	46
The Waiting Love	47
A Winter Burial	48
Awakened	49
The Separation Law	50
Illumination	51-52
The Test	53
Mary Magdalen	54
In Autumn	55
A Thought	56
America	57
The Angel's Visit	58-59
A Woman of Ninety	60
The Hidden Years	61
Song, "Dear baby, who may look on thee"	62
Discipline	63
Isolation	64
Legend of St. Wenceslas	65-66
St. John the Baptist	67-68
My Argosy	69

TO MY SISTER

PREFACE

IT is said that the relish for poetry, never very keen in these later centuries, is declining more and more. Even in these last twenty years verse has become, they tell us, more and more unpopular. The blame may perhaps be laid to a great extent upon excessive newspaper-reading and excessive novel-reading and upon the general fuss and stress of our commercial, money-making, unspiritual age. The daily newspapers, in particular, engross a quite inordinate proportion of the time and energy that the public is willing to give to reading of any kind.

There will always, however, be found an "audience fit though few" for sincere poetry that aims conscientiously at perfection in its own department; and there is still plenty of true poetry, capable of giving a high and salutary pleasure, even if it falls short of that supreme beauty which might entitle it to a place in such a fastidious anthology as Mrs. Meynell's "Flower of the Mind."

I have had the privilege of seeing the following pages in their proof-sheet stage; I have read them very carefully, and I think that any one who has not what Armand de Pontmartin called "*une horreur systématique pour les vers*" will agree with me in saying that this little book is full of deep thought and vivid feeling translated into musical

verse. The matter is meditative rather than descriptive or narrative. The religious tone that pervades the whole is held so skillfully in check by a pure literary taste that it will not repel but attract, even as it did with two women-poets of the last century, Adelaide Procter and Christina Rosseti, whose poems are often prayers. So, too, are many of the best of these. They relate generally to various moods of the soul—memories, regrets, aspirations—sometimes regarding human creatures around, but more frequently mounting higher and echoing the *Dio ed io* of St. Francis of Assisi. External nature seems to be forgotten, and the noisy glittering world is far out of sight and out of hearing. The one solitary piece of blank verse in the volume—excellent blank verse, telling very gracefully a beautiful incident in the life of St. Wenceslas—is almost solitary also in dealing with a subject outside the poet's mind and heart; though we perceive indeed that the Baptist and the Magdalen are remembered, and Bethlehem and Nazareth and (mighty leap!) America. A few of the sonnets also are written in a dramatic spirit to express the feelings of others.

In the sonnet-form Miss Logue is often particularly effective, and generally, it seems to me, in proportion to her fidelity to the strict Petrarchan type. These and indeed all the poems, which add brevity to their other merits, have evidently been brooded over and fashioned with the loving care which alone can secure that high degree of literary finish too often neglected by the sacred muse and abandoned to the secular and the profane.

I can fancy the sympathetic reader asking sundry personal questions about the author of this addition to our Catholic literature. I will not propose these questions, as I am unable to answer them. Our poet's name, however—already widely known and loved as the name of our second Irish Cardinal, the venerated primate of all Ireland—claims her as at least of Irish descent, though her home is on the opposite side of the Atlantic. Does the Celtic nature break out anywhere? Only perhaps in the pure spirituality of theme and thought, and in a certain wistful tenderness of feeling and language of which colder races are hardly capable.

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin.

“WHY DO WE SING ?

Why do we sing?—the world has sung its lay
Sweeter than we can hope to sing;
Of all things sweet is there left one sweet thing—
But one—for us to say?
What can we utter new at this old day?
As some late-coming birds', the songs we bring
Are dulled by earlier songs of spring.
Why do we sing?—the world is deaf and gray;
We know full well our words 'twill never read,
But leave them in the dust;
We know--ah, well we know!--it takes no heed
Of song the sweetest sung; that not a crust
It gives in life; in death no praise—no meed.
Why do we sing? Alas! because we must.”

—LLOYD MIFFLIN.



“THE QUIET HOUR”



THE QUIET HOUR

All day, with softly beating wings,
It keeps earth's fretful noises far,
And comforts me until it brings
The night, which has no claim to bar
One hour's brief bliss, when it shall be
My joy, beloved, to think of thee.

The music that I seek is here;
It ever murmurs, "Heart, be strong!"
My angel takes your message, dear,
And weaves it into thrilling song.
How sweetly falls that melody
While I, beloved one, think of thee.

Sometimes, with sudden rush of tears,
I ask that I may speak you fair,
But, growing deeper with the years,
My love is still a voiceless prayer,
Which pleads that there shall ever be
God's benediction upon thee.

HIS "NUT-BROWN MAID"

Wild music of the sea, my beating heart
Claims kindred with your stormy restlessness;
This dark, still night, as after scenes depart,
Speak to the child your voice once seemed to
 bless,
Who stood in smiles arrayed,
His "Nut-Brown Maid."

Sob on. Your ceaseless music seems to be
A wail for my long-ended dreams of bliss,
Murmurs, as each wild storm breaks over me,
How much I long for, how I sadly miss
The gentle hand which stayed
His "Nut-Brown Maid."

And yet, for all my grief, thou restless sea,
I shall not weakly pray, give back the past,
But, let the endless struggle make of me
A worthy child, to be to him at last,
Where sin and sorrow fade,
His "Nut-Brown Maid."

DARTHEA

There is no wondrous beauty in thy face,
Whose dear charm lies not in well rounded grace,
In faultless curve, or perfect symmetry;
Thy sweetness from the world's cold glance is
hid,
But in all graciousness it comes unbid
For love, or sympathy.

Grief, which has hardened some, embittered more,
Has left thy nature gentler than before;
Dost thou know how the smile which hides thy
pain
Has shamed to rest much useless murmuring
For what the years again may never bring,
So weak, so vain?

I am content to hear thy lightest word,
To see thee smile, to feel thy touch has stirred
The thoughts that urge on life this nobler part;
My love is far too deep to give thee praise,
But, Darthea, for all thy gentle ways,
Take thou my heart.

REVERIE

"For all flesh is as grass; and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass. The grass is withered, and the flower thereof is fallen away."
I. Peter, 1, 24.

A few swift passing years,
Well marked by smiles and tears,
And hiding in their folded leaves
Sweet fancies playful childhood weaves,
The golden dreams of its brief May,
The waking of a later day,
And all the thoughts that Evening brings
On memory-laden wings.

The cherished friends of old,
In earth so still and cold;
The eyes whose loving glances stayed
Our bitter words when passion swayed;
The hands whose light touch spurred us on,
So sadly missed, so swiftly gone.
Ah, Heaven must be very fair,
For those we love are there.

ALONE

A quiet spot, where few would find their way,
Spring sunlight on an old and broken stone,
A grave by sweet wild flowers overgrown,
Whose fragrance breathes of life and not decay.
Art pitiful, thou lovely bloom of May,
That coverest with leaves one word—"Alone"?
A gracious act is thine, to hide this moan,
This shadow on the springtime's perfect day.

O silent heart, I wonder if you know
What hands caress the flowers above your
head,
By whom this long-neglected path is trod?
I wonder was it all so long ago
That you forget the lonely life you led,
Enraptured in the presence of your God?

VOICELESS

He never said that at the long day's close
He waited for her quick step in the hall,
And, hearing, smiled and sighed, as one who
knows
What soul entrancing melody will call
His wayward thoughts to other lands, to days
When youth and love and summer sunshine
made
The glad, bright world his own. I've watched
him gaze
Into the far, calm blue, and on his eyes,
And on his parted lips, a charm seemed laid,
As though her lovely, wordless songs had
shown
What lay beyond the starry, silent skies,
A vision that was meant for him alone.

And when she went, and he no longer heard
The music that they both loved winging
through
The quiet house, he spoke no grieving word;
But much is taught by sorrow, and I knew
That in the dark, when his proud head bowed
low,
It was because he missed his darling so.

THE PENITENT

I see a world of pity in those eyes,
But is that look for me? I do not know.
There has been nothing that should make it so
In all this wasted life. My past defies
The faint and trembling hope that bids me go,
Thus bruised and weary, to her feet, so low,
So humble, that her heart will not despise.
Whose voice is that? Who said that He denies
No mercy to her pleading? Long it is
Since I have asked for mercy, or could dare
To hope for one so sinful and defiled
E'en pity from a justice such as His.
Ah, wilt thou plead for me? Then, hear my
prayer:
Mother of God, His pardon for thy child!

TO MRS. BROWNING

After reading "A Drama of Exile"

O loved and loving poet! Tenderly
And grandly too, thy woman's hands have
 played
Along the deep-thrilled heart-tones that have
 made
A new, and glad, and purer song for thee.
When thy lips smiled, and when thy dark eyes
 laid
Their charm upon us, who would not have
 strayed
Wherever thou didst ask most willingly,
Rejoicing in thy high-souled company?

And do not leave us yet; the hope that lies
Within the distant years has grown more
 bright
Since we have known and loved thee, but
 until
The mists of earth no longer dim our eyes,
Till we have passed to never-ending light,
Across the long, dark way shine softly still.

SONG

I think if all the world should lay
Its homage at her feet,
She would go calmly on her way,
As proudly pure and sweet,
And changeless to the end,
My friend, my friend!

The stamp of power on her brow
Has set her life apart,
But some, I ween, more lowly bow
Unto her woman's heart,
So generous to share,
So brave to bear.

Take her your message, holy Morn,
And lo! in harmony
Its peace and good-will shall be borne
To all humanity,
And songs by angels known
Shall be our own.

THE POET

Most Godlike man of men! upon thy heart
The woes of all the world are graven deep;
There wild storms scathe, and winds of winter
sweep,
With cruel breath, repose and thee apart.
Why hast thou made sad choice of sting and
smart,
So brief a tryst with joy? Alas! to keep
Thy lonely watch where others lightly sleep;
Alone, and yet, how near to God thou art!

Thou seekest Love unending, and dost know
How it shall come to all beyond the strife,
But thou must bear thy cross, and it shall be,
That when thou wouldst lead men where calmly
flow
The sacred waters of eternal life,
Their doubt and scorn shall be returned to
thee.

BEYOND

So far away from me,
My empty arms so cold!
Dear God, if I could see
The one lamb of my fold,

No longer weak and worn,
But young, and strong and fair!
Thou never yet didst scorn
A broken heart's wild prayer,

And now I come to Thee:
Thou knowest what is best,
But oh, the pain for me,
For him, for him, the rest!

AT BETHLEHEM

O'er Thy low cradle bed
The angels are watching, I know,
And shepherds to worship Thee go,
By the star safely led.

O'er Thy low cradle bed
Earth's kings bend in wonder, to see
Heaven's King in a Baby like Thee,
Regal majesty fled.

O'er Thy low cradle bed
Earth's children are watching to-night,
And humbly adore Thee, true Light,
In that glorified shed!

REMORSE

Proud heart that broke in loneliness, so gay
To outward seeming! 'Tis a world-old cry
That echoes through the stillness now, to die
Within the solemn shadows, dim and grey,
Whose mists uprise defending, and deny,
To eyes grown clear too late, the realms that lie
Beyond the reach of love. How deep to-day,
Because the lonely life has passed away!

If we had known, had known! Not all the tears
That fall upon the face so pale and cold
Can blot one vain regret from memory:
O faded dreams, dead hopes, O wasted years!
O heart that hungered! never, as of old,
Can word of ours win smile or sigh from
thee.

BRIDAL SONG

“My beloved to me, and I to Him, who feedeth among the lilies”

O Love! across the dawn-flushed sky
The first faint sunbeams break,
And on the stillness, clear and high,
Triumphant songs awake,
Whose music seems to be
My soul's response to Thee.

Most Holy! since Thy tender call
Made life a blessed thing,
How gladly I have given all,
Though still in wondering
That Thou shouldst love me so,
Whose weakness Thou dost know.

Take, then, the yearning heart
Whose hopes and fears are Thine!
How beautiful Thou art!
And shall this joy be mine,
Dear Lord, to walk with Thee
Until the shadows flee?

CONSECRATION

Art Thou the King of Heaven, Who dost call
My spirit to Thee with such tenderness?
O majesty! art Thou not mine the less
That Thou art infinitely Lord of all?
Nay, Thy love passeth knowledge, and doth wall
Me round with power; my willing lips confess
The sweetness of the service Thou dost bless,
The gentleness with which Thou dost enthrall.

Thou art the Light that glorifies my way,
The Wisdom and the Truth that I adore;
Behold me, freed of all the world can give,
And kneeling at Thy Feet, the while I say,
"I love Thee," and "I love Thee," o'er and o'er;
To know Thee, O my Jesus, is to live.

UNREST

Ah, dream so fair, so fair, wilt thou not stay?

Lo! for thee I shall give what is most dear

To this weak heart; shall turn no more to hear
The music of earth's voices; smile to say

The world is nothing to me, and obey

The perfect Love, so casting out all fear.

Ah, dream, my dream, wilt thou not draw me
near,

And let me dwell within thy peace to-day?

It is not mine, who took of my heart's best

And laid it at the world's feet long ago,

Till nought is left but dreams; and oh! to see

Them beautiful, then slowly fading, lest

They lose their charm upon the way I go,

Is what the world has left to offer me.

AT PARTING

What castles I have built, wherein you reigned
Proud, beautiful and sweet; aye, sweeter far
In unrestricted fancy than you are.
When those dark eyes say what I have obtained,
And say it, oh, so kindly, that my feigned
Composure, earned by more than one deep scar,
Is broken by an impulse that would bar
Me even from the place I have attained.

Give me my dreams, and go your way, sweet-
heart,
The riches of your love are not for me;
But oh, a life to nobler purpose grown
For having been your friend shall keep apart,
Unseen, unknown, love-lit by constancy,
A sacred place where you shall dwell alone.

THE LAST HOUR

There was no shadow on her lovely face
That spoke of grief at parting, but her eyes,
Those homes of thought so deep and earnest-
wise,
Were graver than their wont, as though some
space
Of far infinity had claimed the place
I dared to hope for; and how hard hope dies,
For I deem still that all the gifts I prize
Shall come to me with Love's love-vanquished
grace.

And thus, with only simple touch of hand
I left her, when I longed to draw her down
To rest in arms that ached with emptiness.
If she could know how sad at heart I stand
For one last look from those dear eyes of brown
Whose memory shall haunt life's wilderness.

A VISION

I saw her on the crowded street
Amid an anxious, hurried throng,
And surely she held converse sweet
With angels as she walked along,
For holy were the wondrous eyes
That seemed to look on Paradise.

A moment since and wearily
I went the shadowed ways of pain,
But now, His wisdom clear to me,
I pass into the light again,
For in the depths of those pure eyes
I, too, have looked on Paradise.

THE VOICE WITHIN

Thou lovest those who cling to Thee;
Oh, tell me where Thou art
When passion brings fair dreams to me?
"My child, within thy heart!"

Have I not driven Thee from me,
All sinless as Thou art?
Where shall my sinful soul find Thee?
"My child, within thy heart!"

"I love thee with eternal love,
Redeemed by pain thou art;
Turn then to Me, and let Me prove
My dwelling is thy heart!"

SUPPLICATION

November Second

We walked with you, we prayed with you,
But it was long ago;
The years that swiftly fly for you
For us creep sad and slow.
Remember us to-day!

Warm hearts that loved us, lips that pressed
On ours amid your tears,
Will you not ask for us sweet rest
In Christ's eternal years?
Remember us to-day!

Forgotten! Is it hard to be
Faithful unto the end,
And constant in your charity
To those who called you friend?
Remember us to-day!

Pray for us, who so long to be
United with our Lord,
And He, for all eternity,
Shall be your great reward.
Remember us to-day!

AD ASTRA

"A little child shall lead them"

They walked the grass-grown footpath silently,
A graceful little maid with eyes of blue,
A pale man, crowned with grief unwillingly.
Roses breathed fragrance, and the twilight drew
Its shadowed curtain. Peace was everywhere
But in his heart, and Summer vainly gave
Her beauty to beguile him. All things fair
And dear to him were bounded by a grave.
So deep, so dark! and one was laid below
Who had so loved the light, and yet had fled
With smiles to darkness, as though glad to go.
Would she have followed if his steps had led?

The churchyard gate was opened, and the maid,
A little, little child, walked fearlessly
Into the gloom from which the man, afraid,
Had turned away. And, wondering, questioned he,
"Do you not fear to walk this path alone?"
The baby laughed, with blue eyes opened wide,
And said, as on she tripped from stone to stone,
"Oh, no! my *home* is on the other side!"

ASUNDER

So, you have wandered too,
Stormy and passionate heart!
When first I said to you
That we had better part,

Wildly you spoke my name,
And eyes, so proud to fill,
Brimmed as the answer came
That I remember still:

"As surely as the rose,
Plucked, blooms but for a day,
Swiftly my life will close
When you are far away."

I wonder where you are,
Whose love so soon grew cold,
While, steadfast as a star,
I keep the path of old?

AT SUNSET

A weary child, my Father, comes to Thee;
So endless seemed the burdens of this day,
But far off dies the sunlight, and I pray
For rest, for rest, my Father; let me be
A child within Thine Arms, that I may see
How childhood's all-sufficing trust will stay
With those who walk Thy love-illumined way.

An aimless life, a wayward, doubting heart;
Are these a meet return for all Thy care?
Yet, knowing what I would be, Thou Who art
A tender Father, keep the record fair,
For I would live to love and serve but Thee;
Be Thou my Love for all eternity.

VIA CRUCIS

“The law of the kingdom of grace.” Faber

Thy cross is heavy with the sins of men,
And toiling up the long and lonely way
I meet Thee, oh my God! The morning grey
Holds naught that speaks of joy to come again,
But Love hath shown this path, where Thou
canst lay

The burden on my soul. It shall not weigh
Too heavily, for I shall have Thee when
Thy Cross is mine; shall know Thee truly then.

Turn not to leave me in the darkness now;
I follow Thee, that anguished journey share,
And if I falter do Thou strengthen me.
Give me the thorns that press upon Thy Brow,
And nothing of Thy shame and sorrow spare
If these, Thy gifts, shall keep me close to
Thee.

DIVINEMENT

You do not look above her lips,
And there contentment lies;
My glance, unconscious, upward slips
To meet her hungry eyes.

You hear the words that lightly fall,
By laughter kept apart;
I know there sobs beneath them all
A woman's lonely heart.

MATER DOLOROSA

Mother, thy heart must yearn for Bethlehem,
His arms around thee, Joseph at thy side;
The Father's love hath taken one of them,
The Babe, thy Son, is Christ the Crucified.

Mother, thy thoughts must turn to Egypt's plain;
His presence made that dreary desert ride
A bliss to thee whose love is all in vain
To save Him now; He is the Crucified.

Mother, thy heart must long for Nazareth,
Where through sweet years thy home was
glorified
By that pure Life, so calmly meeting death
That we might live through Him, the Crucified.

Mother, we ask to share thy grief to-day;
His graces we have many times denied,
Yet He forgives; wilt thou forgive, and pray
That we may live to love the Crucified?

THE IDEALIST

He walks with men, but in his deep-set eyes
Are mirrored dreams most marvelously fair;
His smiles are such as sleeping children wear,
And in his voice a limpid sweetness lies,
Like music from some far, diviner air
From heights where dwell the gods. His visions there,
Beyond the shades of doubt, bid thoughts arise
Which men may understand not, and despise.

O dreamer, if they gave thee for thy dreams
What they have named success, and if no scar
From their swift-falling scourge remained to tell
How they had scorned thee, wouldst thou change? There gleams
O'er thy uplifted head one faint, pale star,
And thy smile answers. Thou hast chosen well.

ANOINTED

"Tu es sacerdos in aeternum"

Thou shalt go forth in mighty armor clad
Unto thy chosen war against the wrong;
Thou knowest well how bitter and how long
Shall be the struggle, for the world is mad,
Reposes when the enemy is strong,
And in undisciplined, triumphant song,
Rejoices in the mask that Truth forbade,
And laughs when Right is pale, and Love is sad.

But heedless of its scorn thou liftest up
Calm eyes that bravely scan the shadowed way,
A light that shall not fail encircling thee.
Thy willing lips shall drain the Master's cup,
And when its bitterness has passed away
Its sweetness shall be thine eternally.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Their music falls upon the night
As ring the angels' words of old,
In all their tenderness and might
Resounding through the dark and cold.
My dearest, while I dream of thee,
Wilt thou not give one thought to me?

"Be peace on earth!" O calm that lies
Upon the weary world again;
O music of the song that dies
To live within the hearts of men.
My dearest, while I pray for thee,
Wilt thou not breathe one prayer for me?

"Be peace, good-will and love!" The song
Is finished, and the breaking day
In robes of glory sweeps along,
While fades the darkness far away.
My dearest, here's my love for thee;
Wilt thou not give thy love to me?

ESTRANGED

I cannot say your love for me has died;
It never lived, or you would not have been
So hard, so unforgiving of one sin,
So bitter and relentless in your pride.
God knows my love was humble, and I tried,
Through weary days, by many arts, to win
What I thought once was mine, and gloried in.
Ah, had you erred, my arms had opened wide.

Safe in your rigid justice go your way;
I shall not by one tear regret the past,
Although there lives within my heart to-day
A love that shall be changeless to the last.
Perhaps, if dark days come and friends are
few
You will return, and you shall find me true.

THE TOILER

All work well done is prayer, and if thou be
A laborer, the scorn of gentle birth,
Remember that to wear thy livery
The Lord of Heaven walked upon His earth.

Christ toiled Himself; He was a toiler's Son;
Know then, poor heart, by many cares
oppressed,
He feels for thee, and when thy day is done
Will call thee to the home of endless rest.

DE PROFUNDIS

From out the depths of cleansing fires they call;
So helpless they, and pitiful their cry
For prayers that like soft dews upon them fall.
Remember this, oh you, who soon must die.

COMPENSATION

Dearest, I think 'tis better so;
I only ask that thou shalt be
A stranger to all sorrow, though
It surges wildly over me.

I love to see thee joyous, fair,
Earth's best and heaven's, too, for thee;
Strength shall be given for thy share
And mine of grief; they shall not be

Too heavy if I see thee smile,
And know that light and love are thine.
Earth burdens but a little while,
And all I give shall soon be mine.

FOREBODING

I dreamed Death came to me last night
With mien stern and sad;
I cowered from his form of might
In sombre vesture clad.

"Fear not," he said, and darkly smiled;
"I do not come for thee,
But one thou lovest, God's dear child;
She shall return with me."

"Dear God," I cried, "hear Thou my prayer,
Take not my love from me;
Thou knowest how her tender care
Hath kept me near to Thee."

But softly He, in answering:
"Why doubttest thou, My child?
Shall I not hear thy murmuring
As grows the night more wild?

"And if thy love be love indeed
Thy life shall blend with Mine;
The hunger of thy heart shall feed
On nourishment divine.

"My chosen, whom thou lovest so,
Shall keep her watch o'er thee,
And in some far day thou shalt know
Thine own eternally."

* * * * *

I woke, and she was with me still,
But with me too goes on
The prescience of a pain to fill
My life when she is gone.

RELINQUISHMENT

All stripped and bare as are those lonely trees
That have no shelter from the winter wind,
Must be this heart that evermore shall find
Keen torture in unanswered sympathies.
A fleeting soul should combat thoughts like these,
Yet, for one glance, one yearning glance
behind!

Oh, Memory, last friend, wilt thou be kind
Ere I go forth to face Death's mysteries?

How fair the summer was, how tender thou,
Whose presence may not comfort me again.
I hunger for the healing of thy hand,
A beggar for thy touch upon my brow,
And we shall be together when, ah, when?
Thy ways, O Lord, are hard to understand.

IN PEACE

Night gives the toiler rest—a fitful rest,
Through which the fevered day goes ever on.
If care doth follow in the wake of dawn
It fleeth not with darkness. Care-oppressed
We sleep and wake; it is our portion lest
The changeful heart, by wayward fancies
drawn,
Should barter for the pleasures quickly gone
The hope of being Heav'n's eternal guest.

God gives the toiler rest—a tranquil rest
In His fair home, so lovingly prepared
For those grown weary of the burdened day;
And there our dear one dwells. Oh, this is best;
The hopes and aspirations that we shared
Are safe with Thee, the Truth, the Light, the
Way.

SINCERITY

God gave us speech that we might thus express
Our thoughts to those who love us. If they
care

To know us as we are, it is not fair
That we should mask ourselves, and more or less
Deceive them, when the friendships that might
bless

Our lives are withered in the stifled air
Of pretence. Strange that human hearts
should dare

To lightly value human tenderness.

O world that bids us laugh when we are sad,
That prompts our worst where we would give
our best,

What hast thou for the soul by tempest
tossed,

The lonely life that might have been so glad?

Contempt is thine for those who stand con-
fessed

As yearning for the love once lightly lost.

HUMANITY IN DIVINITY

There was a time when in all things I turned
To human love for sympathy. I knew
That Thou hadst given me a love so true
No act of mine could change it; but I yearned
For word, for look, for smile, until I learned
That heaven does not hide Thee from our view
When we have need of Thee, nor to its blue
Must we lift up the eyes that tears have burned.

Oh, nearer than our dearest in all pain,
In weariness, in darkness, Thou dost stand;
Thy tenderness, Who knowest our hearts
best,
Poured out for asking, and so oft in vain.
Be merciful, and lift the trembling hand
That touches Thy white garment, God of
rest.

A FAREWELL

I thought the grave of sweet, dead hopes had
claimed

Its meed of me for this eventful year;

Yet, haunted by an ever growing fear

That, jealous of my love for thee, it aimed

To draw thee to its bosom, where, unnamed,

Life's many treasures lie, I held thee, dear,

With all my feeble strength, and kept thee here,

Though often of my selfishness ashamed.

O, wert thou willing thus to go from me,

My cherished one whom I have loved so long?

Are loneliness and heart-break naught to thee

In that far world where joy is voiced in song,

While through earth's darkness wings my
bitter cry:

That I should live when thou, beloved, must
die!

RESTRAINT

So often and so vainly try
These lips to frame some burning thought.
My Lord, I kneel to ask Thee why
These pain-born visions come to naught?

Behold, I cry to Thee for aid;
Thy beauty hath enraptured me,
And this poor creature Thou hast made
Would draw all hearts to worship Thee.

Must I be dumb because much sin
Has rendered me unfit to praise?
Nay; there was one whose life had been
A wayward one for many days,

Who knelt before Thee, and with tears
Washed white the soul that turned to Thee,
The Hope of the eternal years,
The Judge of what we mean to be.

Yea, Thou dost know us, frail and weak,
And I, the meanest in Thy train,
How shall I dare essay to speak,
Why wonder that I speak in vain?

Yet must I long, my Lord, my King,
To bear Thy precious gifts afar.
Forgive, forgive my murmuring;
In death Thou shalt remove the bar.

GOOD-NIGHT---GOOD-BYE

Good-night, for the dark is falling
Which bears thee afar from me,
But ever my heart is calling
Through time and space to thee!

Good-bye, for the morn is breaking,
The fairest morn for me,
My restless spirit taking
To the rest of eternity!

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

What are thy thoughts, oh, Mother mild,
The sweet Face of the Holy Child
Close pressed unto thine own?
Dost see Him walking far from thee,
And, in His sacred ministry,
A Man of Sorrows grown?

What are thy thoughts, oh, Mother mild,
When looking on the sinful child
For whom thy Dearest died?
Dost wonder how one ransomed so
Could stray from Him, the ways to go
Of selfishness and pride?

I need thy help, oh, Mother mild,
Dark shadows fall, the night is wild!
Yet, all confidingly,
Unto thee turns my seeking heart.
The source of truest love thou art,
Teach me what love should be.

THE WAITING LOVE

I dream the hands I love hold mine
In such a dear, familiar way,
My heart can readily divine
What that fond pressure means to say.
I wake; I know it may not be,
And all the more I turn to Thee.

I dream the voice I love speaks low
And sweet unto my willing ear;
All swiftly do the night hours go,
'Tis night for me when day is near.
I wake; I know it may not be,
Oh, more than ever, love Thou me!

I dream the life I love is bound
In closest union unto mine;
Its deep affection wraps me round
With tenderness reflecting Thine.
I wake; I know it may not be,
Thou knowest best, but love Thou me!

A WINTER BURIAL

I know our Father in heaven was kind
To gather my lamb to His fold;
Many the treasures my darling shall find,
The story has often been told.

But ever there haunts me, dreary and still,
The place where they laid him away.
Fear not, I shall bow to my Father's will,
But you must not ask me to-day.

Come back when the roses of June are red,
And say, it is well with the child!
But not while the snow lies deep o'er the dead
Shall you bid me be reconciled.

AWAKENED

He gave her a smile, and her pale face flushed,
Growing lovely almost in its delight,
But alas! as swift as the warm blood rushed,
She loved with a lonely woman's might.
'Twas a little thing for a man to give,
But on little things does a woman live.

So, the truest heart in the wide world went
For a moment's smile, but the man forgot
What his voice, his presence, his kindness meant
To another life—or he knew it not.
'Twas a little thing that he passed her by,
But of little things does a woman die.

THE SEPARATION LAW

Because the doctrine Thou dost teach
Demands that men be pure,
And in its fair ideal doth reach
To all that shall endure,
They have forsaken Thee, my God!

Because, believing in the might
Of Thy frail creature, man,
They have forgotten Thou canst smite
The while they evil plan,
And have forsaken Thee, my God!

Forsaken! Thou dost know the cry!
It went from Calvary;
It was Thy soul's last, bitter sigh,
Its depth of agony:
"Thou hast forsaken Me, my God!"

Have pity on them, human, weak,
Who say they know not Thee!
Alas! Thy gifts are used to speak
This licensed blasphemy.
How long must these things be, my God?

ILLUMINATION

Came one who long had wished to drink
Of Heliconian spring,
And stood upon the farthest brink,
Where lesser poets sing.

His eyes, deep-filled with longing, strayed
To heights from whence there came
The haunting music that is made
By those of deathless name.

"What wouldst thou?" asked Calliope,
Her deep voice hushed to mild,
That this poor son of earth might be
To greatness reconciled.

"I would ascend those heights," he said,
"The music draws my soul;
Name thou the price, for peace has fled
Till my faint voice shall roll

Into those peans which ascend
To halls of endless praise."

"Wouldst have thy voice with theirs to blend?
Then go, and seek the ways

Of Love, for love alone can give
The longed-for place to thee.
Return when thou hast learned to live;
Thou shalt remember me."

Young, fair, and full of strength was he,
The way to fame seemed clear,
Yet, as he went, Calliope
Let fall a secret tear.

Her years, harmoniously passed,
Had seemed as but a day
When, with a golden dawn, at last
He came, bent, old and grey.

The furrows on his brow were deep,
The lips that once had smiled
Were stern, as theirs who ever keep
Self-counsel, self-unreconciled.

But musically did he speak:
"I dare to come again,
Though not the heights of Love I seek
Who know but depths of pain."

"Nay," said the Muse, "ascend the mount;
Thou art my favored son,
For they who drink of Wisdom's fount
Know Love and Pain are one."

THE TEST

"Could ye not watch one hour with Me?"

What answer gave they then?

"Nay, Lord, but we would die for thee."

Strange is the love of men!

MARY MAGDALEN

Know ye that Man Who walks upon the lake?

Come, answer me, I would have speech with
Him.

Nay, answer not; it is a passing whim.
I cannot bear His eyes; the thoughts they wake
Are of the past; no Lethe's cup can take
It altogether from me; distant, dim,
I hoped it dead. It is a spectre grim
On which this heart can only dwell to break.

I cannot fly from that reproachful look.

It is the glance of God, Whose Name by me
Has been upheld to scorn. I *will* not go.
Yet, I *must* go. In anger I forsook
Thee Master, and in shame return to Thee;
My sin, my sorrow, none but Thee shall
know.

IN AUTUMN

The dying leaves are drifting to my feet,
So beautiful I wonder at their fall,
And yet, their wondrous mission is complete,
Their homage given to the Lord of all.

A THOUGHT

We cannot love too much ; else, why did He
Who came to teach us dwell on love as though
It bounded earth and heaven? I think if we
Love deeply He will draw us to Him so
Who wept for Lazarus, and leaned upon
The breast of His beloved disciple, John.

AMERICA

Land whom our God must love, made passing
fair,

Why hast thou fallen from the high estate

To which He called thee? Look without thy
gate;

Ideals have a humble dwelling there

While thou dost worship Mammon. Must thou
share,

O thou new land of promise, foredoomed great,

With half-forgotten realms of old, the fate

Of all who nourish growth on poisoned air?

Thou hast borne mighty children; shall their
deeds

Mean no more to thee than a worn out tale

Whose telling wearies men? Review the
past,

And teach the present, ere a prophet reads

His "Mane" that the Lord God must prevail

To make each generation nobler than the
last.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT

With flash of wings, by zephyrs fanned,
An angel sang his way
To earth, upbearing in his hand
A blossom of the May.

His eyes went searching eagerly
For holy hearthstones where
The love of human hearts should be
Through Love Divine made fair.

"This blossom is a tender one,
Its earthly home must be
In some fair garden where the sun
Of lasting charity

Shines ever strongly, for my Lord,
When soft His parting kiss
Fell on these lips, did speak the word
Which gave to me the bliss

Of leading—ah, the joy and pain!—
This precious little one,
And, granted realm where he may reign,
My task is partly done."

A sudden music filled the air,
And well the angel knew
Its chords were formed of mortals' prayer,
As quietly he drew

Anear the home where loving hands
Unclasped, then clasped once more;
Alone the watching angel stands,
And hearts that hoped before

Ascend in praise the calm day through.
That home is home more fair
Because a Guardian Angel knew
To leave May's blossom there.

A WOMAN OF NINETY

If I could find my father's dwelling, where
The green-clad hills rise, ever bathed in light,
Where softly singing waters ripple white,
I would be glad to say the world is fair.
Ah me, the sunshine I remember there;
I cannot think your faint, cold sun is bright,
I seem to live in darkness of the night,
Or is the night to be henceforth my share?

Let me go forth upon my quest. You smile
To think these feet would walk so rough a way,
But trust the longing heart of age to go
The homeward path, and wandering a while
Among forgotten fields, the perfect day
Shall dawn for me upon the hills I know.

THE HIDDEN YEARS

He dwelt with them at Nazareth, and there
Was subject to them. In the simple ways
Of Joseph, who, from lowly work, could raise
His glance to God, and in the presence fair
Of that most loving Mother whom we share,
His human heart was strengthened for the days
When scornful eyes should meet His hungry
gaze,
Contempt of those whose burdens He must bear.

Thou fretful soul, consumed by weak regret
For all these grey and seeming wasted years,
Who understands thy strength or frailty
So well as He Who never can forget?
Thy hopes may be fulfilled in other spheres;
Trust then, at least; it shall be well with
thee.

SONG

Dear baby, who may look on thee
Unmoved by deepened thought?
Here, once again, life's mystery
By law divine is wrought.

Thou messenger from Paradise,
Our far, fair home of bliss,
What dreams lie deep within those eyes
Awaking unto this?

If thou couldst tell; if we might know;
But shadows ever fold
Across the light; God wills it so,
His ways must be untold.

Then smile and sigh; we, wondering,
May offer praise through thee,
While to thy rest bright angels sing,
"Infinity! Infinity!"

DISCIPLINE

Think not that I, so lowly,
Have let my thought aspire
To be thy friend so wholly
That thou couldst e'er desire
Fond word, or look, or smile from me,
But I should cherish them from thee.

Ah, wilt thou give me only
What all the world receives?
Dear heart the day is lonely,
The night sad fancies weaves,
For all my life belongs to thee,
And thine hath little need of me.

ISOLATION

The shadow falls upon thy life again,
And in its darkness must I hide my fears,
My hope, slow dying with the hours, that when
The burdens that have bound us through the
years
Are laid aside for all eternity
Thou wilt remember me.

If I could hope, in some more perfect day,
To rise above the rigid bars of time,
I might be happy just to wait and pray;
But in the presence of that Love sublime,
And all the gifts He holds in store for thee,
Wilt thou remember me?

LEGEND OF ST. WENCESLAS

A king whom trumpet never heralded,
Who held but lightly all the pomp of court,
The homage paid to dust. Strange spectacle,
That dark-robed figure standing in the snow,
And turning from his palace, warm with light,
Where lackeys waited lest they miss his nod,
Into that winter night, whose silent stars
Were throbbing to celestial harmony.

A single, faithful servant followed him
O'er ice-bound, storm-swept roads. Was he a
king

Who paused at each low cottage wherein dwelt
His poor and patient people, and with smiles,
As if he knew their morning gladness, laid
His gracious message at each humble door?
His spirit, wrapped in contemplation, saw
A vision of the Child, the homeless One,
Who left a fairer mansion than his own,
Who had no place to lay His Baby Head,
No welcome for His priceless gift to men.

St. Wenceslas rejoiced that he might go
The way of Christ that cheerless Christmas Eve,
And little cared he for the storm that swept
Its ruthless way across Bohemia's hills.
But from his servant, fainting with fatigue.
And numb with cold, a sudden murmur came,
For, though he loved his master and the poor,
His vision was of halls where tables spread
Mid warmth and mirth awaited his return.

The holy king reproached himself, and turned
To bear his servant's burden, while he said:
"I felt no cold, nor knew that thou didst feel;
A moment, and our heavy task is done,
Walk in my footsteps, and thou shalt be warm."

The king went on, and in his footsteps trod
The weary servant, when—a miracle!—
The warmth of summer coursed through all his
veins,
And angels circled him with shelt'ring wings
Lest angry winds should conquer him again;
And angel voices through the midnight rang:
"From God on high we bring His peace to men."

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

The desert stretches waste and dun,
A solitude of years;
Its gloom grows deeper as the Sun
Of Solace disappears.

Strangers, the men who yesterday,
Knew little but His Name,
Beside the loved and loving stay;
He goes from whence he came

Whose soul in its affection shares
So many thoughts that fill
The Heart of Christ; yet, if he dares
To walk beside Him still

The spirit of the waste shall call,
And bear his thoughts away
To nights that dark and lonely fall,
Though he walks with the Day.

Oh, wildly does the struggle go,
Yet calmly he has turned
From where the Living Waters flow,
And in that going earned

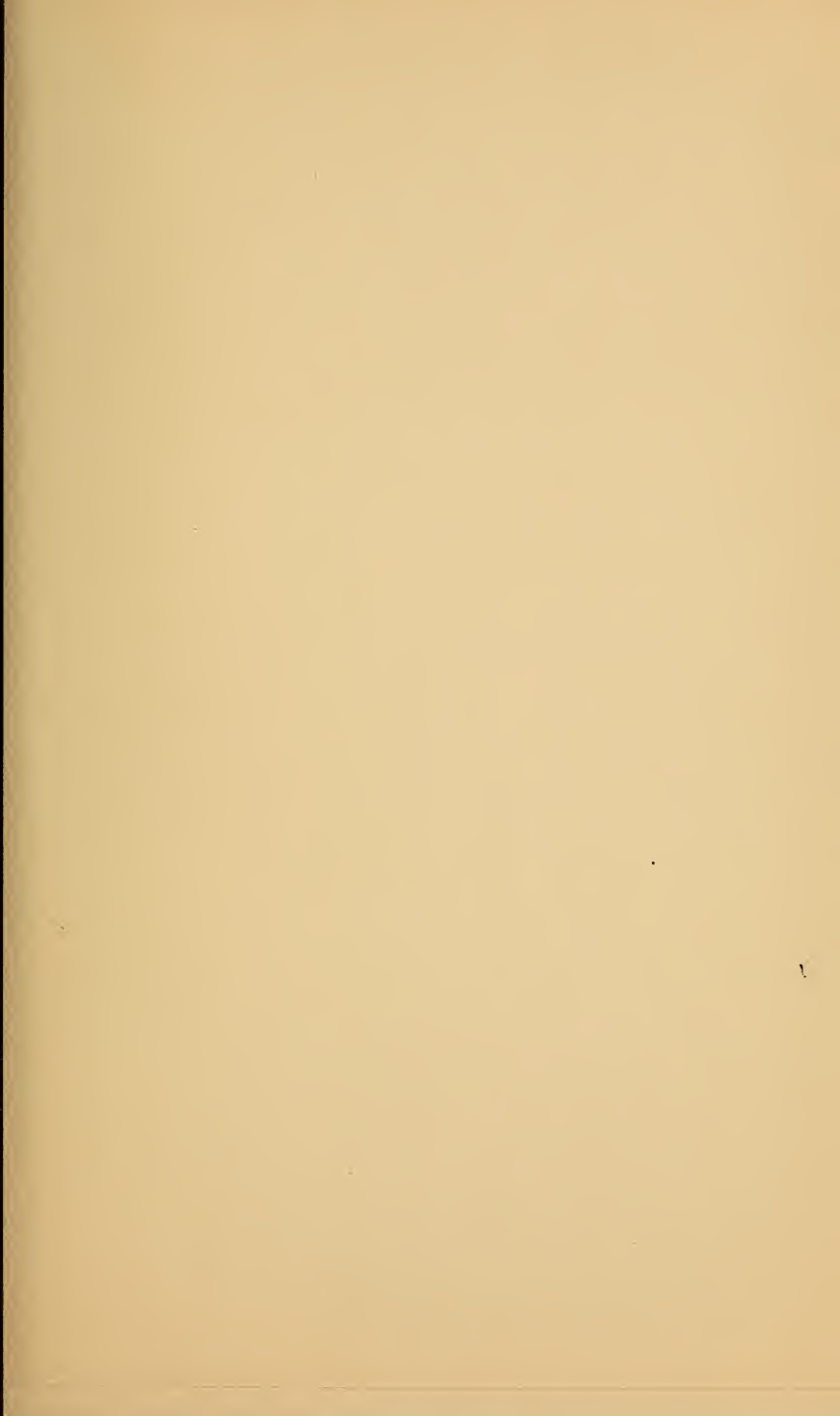
The peace that through the desert drear
Shall fill his breaking heart;
The Presence of his choice so near
Not life nor death shall part.

MY ARGOSY

The Sole, Just Judge of what His creatures are
Knows every hope that has been laden here,
And if the goal must ever loom afar,
The safe shore of His mercy shall be near.

And unto Him, with ever trustful heart,
Whatever He has given I resign.
What man may know when man fulfills his part?
Desire is action in the law divine.

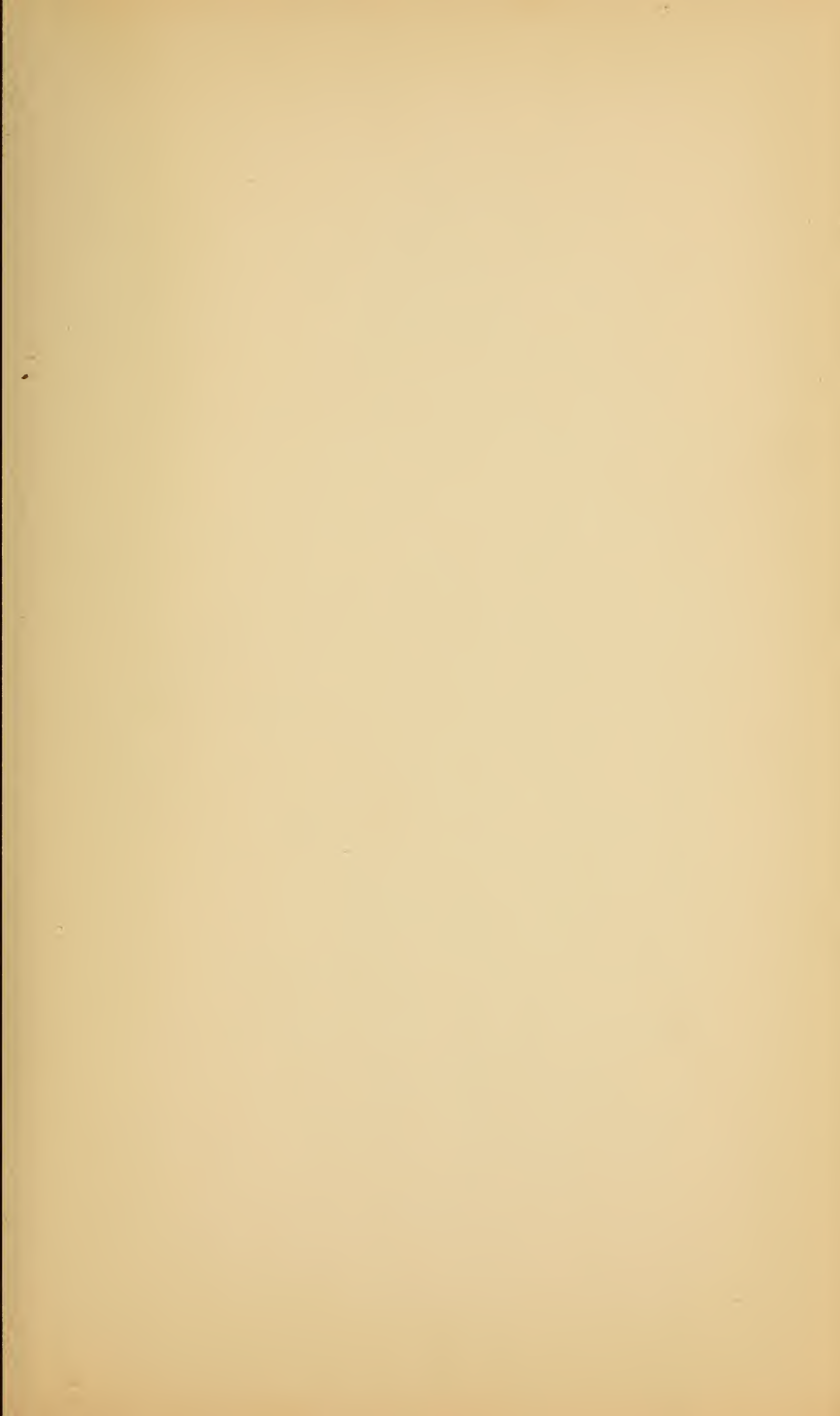




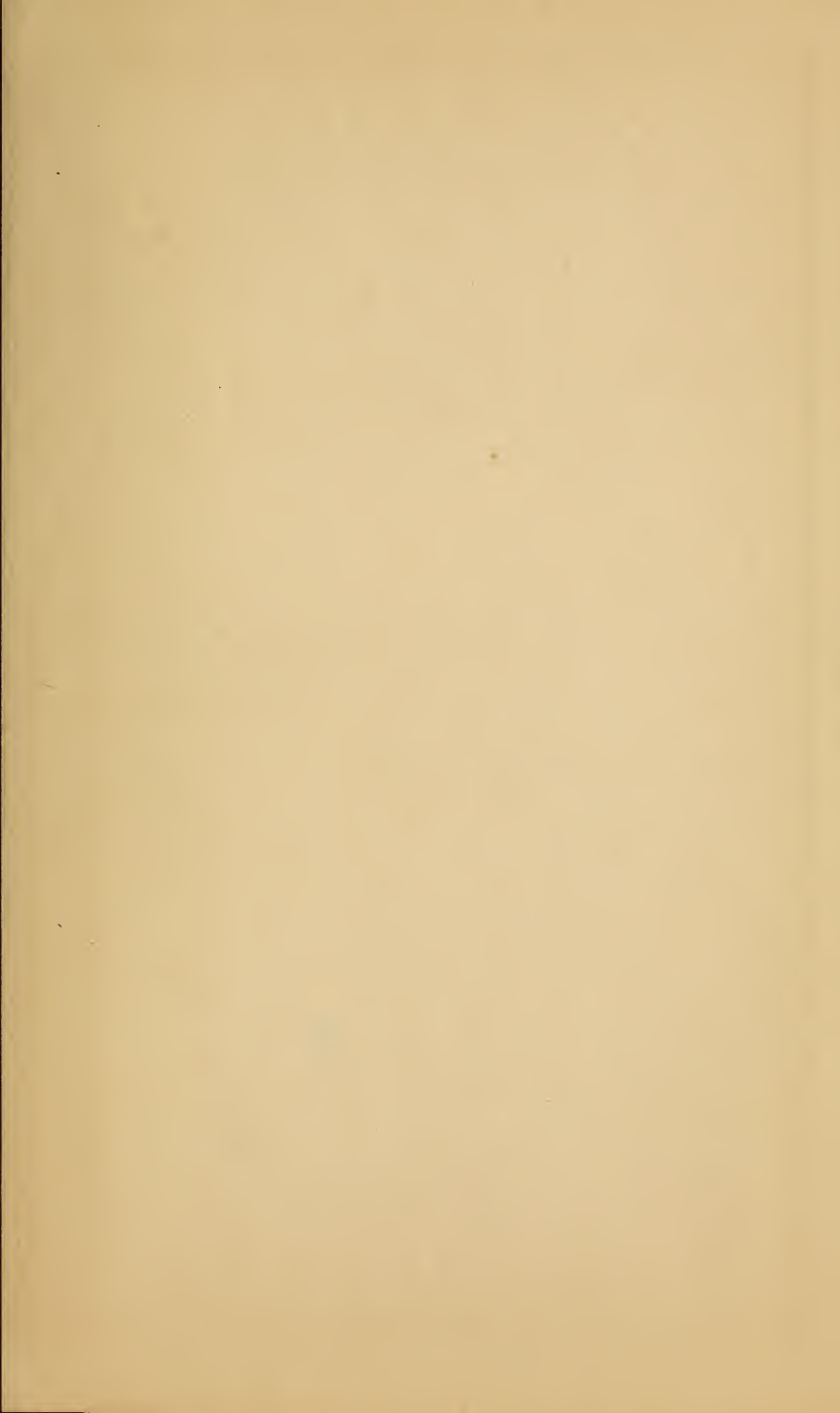








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